**Poems to be used for Day 13 of Unit Plan**

**CONFEDERATE SONG OF FREEDOM**

MARCH on, ye children of the brave–  
Descendants of the free!  
On to the hero’s bloody grave,  
Or glorious liberty!  
On, on–with clashing sword and drum;  
The foe!–they come! they come!–strike home!  
For more than safety, or for life,–  
For more than mother, child, or wife,  
Strike home for Liberty!

Charge, charge! nor shed the pitying tear;  
Too long hath mercy plead!  
Charge, charge! and share the hero’s bier,  
Or strike the foeman dead!  
Charge, charge! for more than vital gains,  
Strike home, and rend the freeman’s chains,  
For more than safety, or for life,–  
For more than mother, child, or wife,  
Strike home for Liberty!

Draw, draw–by every hope this hour  
That animate the brave!  
Draw!–strike!–and rend the foeman’s power,  
Or fill the patriot’s grave!  
Strike–die–or conquer with the free!  
Strike home, strike home for Liberty!  
For more than glory, safety, life,–  
For more than mother, child, or wife,  
Strike home for Liberty!

-Emily M. Washington

**THE SOUTHERN CROSS.**

IN the name of God ! Amen !

Stand for our Southern rights !   
Arm ye Southern men,

The God of Battle fights !   
Fling the invaders far,

Hurl back their work of woe   
The voice is the voice of a brother,

But the hands are the hands of a foe.   
They come with a trampling army,

Invading our native sod —   
Stand, Southrons ! fight and conquer!

In the name of the Mighty God !

They 're singing our song of triumph,

Which was made to make us free,   
While they 're breaking away the heartstrings

Of our nation's harmony.   
Sadly it fioateth from us,

Sighing o'er land and wave,   
Till mute on the lips of the poet,

It sleeps in his Southern grave.

Spirit and song departed !

Minstrel and minstrelsy !   
We mourn thee, heavy-hearted,

But we will, we shall be free !

They are waving our flag above us,

With a despot's tyrant will;

With our blood they have stained its colors,

And call it holy still.   
With tearful eyes, but steady hand,

We '11 tear its stripes apart,   
And fling them like broken fetters,

That may not bind the heart;   
But we'll save our stars of glory,

In the might of the sacred sign   
Of Him who has fixed forever

Our Southern Cross to shine.

Stand, Southrons ! stand and conquer !

Solemn and strong and sure !   
The strife shall not be longer

Than God shall bid endure.   
By the life which only yesterday

Came with the infant's breath,   
By the feet which ere the morn may

Tread to the soldier's death!

--Ellen Key Blunt

**BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

- Julia Ward Howe

**SAMBO’S RIGHT TO BE KILT**

Some tell us ’t is a burnin’ shame

To make the naygers fight;

An’ that the trade of bein’ kilt

Belongs but to the white:

But as for me, upon my soul!

So liberal are we here,

I’ll let Sambo be murdered instead of myself,

On every day in the year.

On every day in the year, boys,

And in every hour of the day

The right to be kilt I ’ll divide wid him,

An’ devil a word I’ll say.

In battle’s wild commotion

I should n’t at all object

If Sambo’s body should stop a ball

That was comin’ for me direct;

And the prod of a Southern bagnet,

So ginerous are we here,

I’ll resign, and let Sambo take it

On every day in the year

On every day in the year, boys,

And wid none o’ your nasty pride,

All my right in a Southern bagnet prod

Wid Sambo I ’ll divide!

The men who object to Sambo

Should take his place and fight;

And it ’s better to have a nayger’s hue

Than a liver that ’s wake an’ white.

Though Sambo ’s black as the ace of spades,

His finger a trigger can pull,

And his eye runs straight on the barrel-sights

From under its thatch of wool.

So hear me all, boys darlin’,

Don’t think I’m tippin’ you chaff,

The right to be kilt we’ll divide wid him,

And give him the largest half!

- Charles Graham Halpine